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VOL. 40—No. 11

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1862

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THE ART-WORLD.

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THE ART-WORLD, AND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITOR: a Weekly Illustrated Journal of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture Ornamental Art and Manufactures, Engraving, Photography, Poetry, Music, the Drama, &c. Edited by HENRY OTTLEY, assisted by Writers of Eminence in the various departments of art.

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THE OPERA AT MILAN.

(From a Correspondent.)

March 3rd, 1862.

ALTHOUGH the "star" system is avowedly ignored by the management of the Milanese Opera House, no theatre has ever been more dependent upon the efforts of one artist than has the Teatro della Scala during the present season. Without the assistance of Mad. Csillag, whose debut in Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* was noticed in a former letter, it is difficult to imagine what the management would have done to satisfy the subscribers and attract the public. With the exception of the Hungarian prima donna, the company is unquestionably inefficient. As the season has advanced, the enthusiasm of the supporters of the different artists has calmed down—the applause of the claquers has lost its power, and the singers have been gradually allowed to take position according to their individual merits. The repertory at the Scala during the present Carnival has consisted of four operas: *Jone*, by Petrella, which was produced at Christmas, and has since been played on the off nights; Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*, looked forward to with so much interest by the Milanese, and so nearly condemned on the first representation; Braga's *Mormile*, a decided failure; and *L'Uscoque*, by Petrocini, given on the 25th February. In two of these, *Il Ballo* and *L'Uscoque*, Mad. Csillag sustained the principal character; and to her having done so may be attributed the success with which these works have met. The favourable impression she produced upon her first appearance as Amalia in the *Ballo*, when the other artists concerned prejudiced the performance by their extravagant gestures and singing out of tune, has since been most substantially confirmed. Mad. Csillag has become the chief attraction of the theatre—is spoken of as a second Malibran, and, to the delight of the Impresario Merelli, has carried him through the Carnival season triumphantly.

The last novelty at the Scala, Petrocini's opera above mentioned, is a work of some pretension. The libretto by Signor Leone Fortis, a distinguished *littérateur*, is founded upon the French novel of *L'Uscoque*, and affords ample scope for the display of dramatic talent on the part of the composer. But Signor Petrocini "hat sich noch nicht ausgedrückt," the Germans would say. He has not yet set aside the habit of thought peculiar to a student young in the art of composing for the stage. A too rigid observance of the rules of harmony and construction still fetters his imagination. His writings evince great care and more profound study than do those of many of his less thoughtful countrymen; but there is a lack of *verve* and spontaneity in the opera in question which makes it heavy and monotonous, a serious drawback in a dramatic work. In the instrumentation, Signor Petrocini has evidently been desirous to prove his knowledge of the resources of the different instruments, and has so far succeeded; but his combinations are not felicitous, although his score is invariably grammatically correct and often too minutely elaborate. In short, *L'Uscoque* has all the errors common to the early works of most musicians. It remains to be seen whether Signor Petrocini will hereafter fulfil the expectations which this, one of his first operas, notwithstanding its faults, would seem to justify.

A quartet and the *aria d'entrata* for the soprano were the *morceaux* which, on the first representation, met with the most unqualified approval of the audience. The opera has not been given more than once, owing to the illness of Mlle. Acs, the contralto. It is hoped that the lady will be sufficiently recovered as to re-appear in the course of this week.

Signor Braga, a violoncellist of very great excellence, was less fortunate in his venture than Signor Petrocini. *Il Mormile* was black-balled, and being unanimously declared totally unsuited to the taste of the Milanese, has not since been heard of. Another candidate for musical distinction is a Signor Boccolini, whose opera, entitled *La Fidanzata di Savoia*, was produced on Saturday, at the Carcano. Judging from the enthusiasm that prevailed on the occasion, a greater success has never been achieved. It is, however, necessary to wait until the dust thrown into the eyes of the public by the young composer's friends shall have subsided before deciding whether the result of the first night be genuine or not. The music is in the pure Verdi school, and the performance altogether of the usual average at the Carcano—noisy and violent rather than refined, and therefore all the more appreciated by the habitués of this particular theatre.

Mad. Csillag's success, together with the production of the new operas by Braga, Petrocini, and Boccolini, constitute all that has happened of any importance in the musical world of Milan for the last two months. At the Scala, Donizetti's *Don Sebastian* is in active rehearsal, and will be given before the end of March, when Mad. Csillag's engagement terminates. Her successor, it is said, will be Mad. Verd-Lorini, an artist formerly well known in London, who has for the past five or six years had a brilliant career in Italy.

An opera by Petrella, *La Morosina*, has been chosen by Mad. Lorini for her debut, which is to take place early in April. The king is expected in Milan on the 6th, and great preparations are in progress to celebrate the royal visit. There will probably be a command night at the Scala, which on such occasions presents an appearance magnificent to behold, and in every respect worthy the presence of a monarch.

MUSICAL ODDS AND ENDS FROM BRUSSELS.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

MY DEAR WORLD,—Two causes have conduced to call forth this epistle; the first cause is that, having some little leisure on my hands, I thought I might as well employ it by jotting down a few notes concerning the musical doings here; the second cause is, that I fancied you were not, at this period of the year, particularly flush of matter, despite your well-known immensity of mental resource and command of the earliest intelligence, and that, consequently, the smallest contributions would be thankfully received; while the third and last of the two causes aforesaid is that a man likes to see his lucubrations in all the glory of "long pica," or "bourgeois," such, at least, is the case with an amateur like myself, though I can easily understand that the charm of the thing wears off with the novelty, and that, were I under the necessity of continually filling the maws of half-a-dozen gigantic steam presses, as you are, I should not be so anxious to figure in your columns. As yet, however, I am under no such necessity, and can still exclaim with—not after—Byron:

" 'Tis pleasant sure to see one's notes in print;
For type is type, although there's nothing in it."

Having thus gracefully commenced my communication, and, by this preparatory flourish of trumpets, succeeded, I trust, in enlisting your sympathies, if you have more than one, and exciting your curiosity, I will, without more ado, proceed to unfold to your gaze the more or less rich stores of news in my possession.

To begin, then, with the Italian Opera. Like Herr von Flotow's *Marta*, which was basely done to death by the felon throats of the company, *La Figlia del Reggimento* proved a failure. You will hardly credit this, but it is a fact, and shows how much the composer depends upon the artists. When such a charming production as the above masterpiece can be thus burked, after its popularity has been so firmly established, what would have been the chance of the unlucky composer for achieving success, had his work been represented in this style on the first night of its performance? Music would probably have lost one of the brightest gems that glisten in her diadem, for all new operas which do not succeed at first are not *Fidelios*. Who knows how many great operas may have been consigned to oblivion, and how many great musicians may have passed their lives in one unending round of professional drudgery and blighted hopes, simply from the incapacity of the singers! On the occasion to which I am now referring, Mlle. Patti, the delightful, the entrancing, sustained the part of Marie, but even her brilliancy was obscured by the wretched way in which she was supported, or rather crushed, by those around her. I felt so indignant that I vowed I would not enter the theatre again as long as the Italian company was here, and I kept my resolution. They have now left, and so I forgive them, and I trust that Mlle. Adelina does the same.

Pianists, violinists, vocalists, *et hoc genus omne*, are not, as a rule, millionaires. Such being the case, until the abolition of the *droit des pauvres*, against which the manager of the Théâtre des Galeries, supported by most of the papers, lately appealed, but which is still maintained in all its integrity by the Conseil Communal, I should strongly advise ambitious virtuosi to eschew this "petit Paris." It is well known that—even where the *droit des pauvres* does not flourish with the same virulence as in the capital of Belgium—for two or three concerts which pay, there are thirty or upwards which cost the artists who give them a tidy sum for the pleasure of figuring before the public. But here matters are far worse, as is evident from the following circumstance, which took place this winter. A tolerably celebrated young Viennese violinist, attracted, as he said (Heaven forgive him), by the musical reputation of Belgium, paid a visit to Brussels. He gave a concert. Thanks to the national enthusiasm for music, the receipts amounted to somewhere about the enormous sum of eighty francs, the expenses not being less than three hundred. This latter sum would not go far in London, it is true, but then the Brussellians have not to pay as much as we have for advertisements and other means of publicity. Thus little posters, for instance, are nothing when compared to the gigantic announcements which figure on our London walls, and, consequently, as their posters are not so large, their bills must be less. After this parenthetical observation, I will resume the thread of my story. Out of the eighty francs, above-mentioned, our adventurous

violinist was mulcted, in the first place, of some twenty or twenty-five francs for the privilege of giving his concert, and, in the second, of the tenth part of his receipts, about which, by the way, I have made a mistake. The poor young Viennese, thus laid under contribution, in obedience to the Belgian laws relating to musical matters, was young and inexperienced. He was ignorant of the precautions adopted by his sharper brethren, and he had to pay pretty dearly for his ignorance. He had not put any distinctive mark on those tickets which he had given away, so that he was absolutely fcompelled to pay the city of Brussels for the pleasure of inviting his friends to come and hear him play. Let me, however, be just. His whole wealth did not consist in his eighty francs. He had a watch. The authorities did not deprive him of it! Still, despite this act of liberality on their part, I would strongly advise any aspiring young musician who may think of coming to Brussels for concert-giving purposes, to attend to the following moral: Don't!

Talking of concerts and concert-givers, reminds me of Herr Laub, who is, most undoubtedly, a violinist of great merit. Every time he appears he affords the most elevated artistic enjoyment to all true lovers of music. That which raises him to such a height is his great variety, which enables him to attain perfection in every branch of his art. Other virtuosi, of the sort, I mean, we generally hear in this part of the world, may possess indisputable dexterity, but they are far too fond of tricks and vagaries. A strong, decided tone is looked upon by these gentlemen as unbecoming, undiplomatic, and — since they would fain change the heights of Parnassus into a level floor, and the terms of admission into patent leather boots, white kid gloves, and Ess Bouquet — they exhibit alarmingly developed tendencies towards a sweet *flautando* or *flageolet*. Herr Laub's mode of proceeding is very different. For him, virtuosity — pray excuse the term, it is becoming so general now that I must conform to the fashion and adopt it; besides, to confess the truth, although I hated it at first, as I did "all-round" collars, I am beginning to like it, as I eventually liked "all-rounders" — for him virtuosity serves only as a means to achieve really artistic ends. Many people are in the habit of affirming that virtuosity destroys grandeur of tone. The majority of modern virtuosos appear to confirm this assertion, but that it is an unjustifiable one, is constantly proved by Herr Laub in the most striking manner. Indeed, it would be a difficult task to say what quality is most to be admired in him; conception, fullness and purity of tone, brilliant *bravura*, or — extraordinary power of supporting fatigue. He possesses all these excellences in an equal degree, and in equal perfection. After the concertos of Beethoven and Joachim*, which I may consider sufficiently well-known or discussed, the elasticity of his playing the other day was proved at the close of the evening, in a Polonaise of his own composition, to be as fresh as it was at the commencement of the concert. Herr Laub was supported by Mad. Eliza Cuth, Herren Leo Lion and Seyffart. I will restrict myself to saying that the programme was altogether an admirable one, and that as far as the solo performers, vocal and instrumental, were concerned, everything was well received, though, as a matter of course, the concert-giver obtained the greatest amount of laurels. I have, on the other hand, a bone to pick with certain members of the orchestra, whose playing, in the well-known air from Beethoven's *Fidelio*, was most extraordinary. The oboes deserve the greatest amount of blame. Must they always play out of tune, besides having a tendency to play too low? In future, gentlemen, indulge in a somewhat greater tendency upwards; endeavour, also, to ennoble your tone a trifle, and to get rid of its insupportable sharpness. As for the bassoonists, they do not seem to think that the scales of B major and E major belong to the A, B, C of their art. And then the hornplayers! There is an old German proverb which says: "Gebrustet ist nicht geblasen!" After all, Beethoven does not require so very much in this air from the performers; but even what he does require he does not always get, as you may gather from what I have said.

Who shall ever pretend to explain the course pursued by human thought! Will any philosopher undertake to inform me by what mental operation my ideas suddenly fly away from Herr Laub and wing their flight to M. Louis Brassin? Perhaps, the most satisfactory explanation would be that I have lately been reading a notice on the latter gentleman. Mark! I say only "perhaps" — life itself, as the Frenchman tells us is only "un grand peut-être." However, to leave speculation and

* What concertos — which concertos — of Beethoven and Joachim? Our esteemed correspondent has forgotten to inform us of what concert he is speaking — though we presume, from the context, that he is alluding to one given by Herr Laub. He says he is an amateur, and we should fancy no one would for a moment doubt him. However, as the *London Journal* might observe, perhaps, "Wahrheit shows signs of promise. He may write again." [Ed. M. W.]

confine myself to stern fact, I may as well inform you that the notice to which I have just alluded, and which treated more especially of M. Louis Brassin's pianoforte playing at the seventh Gesellschafts-Concert in Cologne, surprised me considerably. Either M. Louis Brassin must have improved much, very much, since he was in London with the Cologne Choir and played at the Hanover Square Rooms, when he failed to produce the slightest impression (of a favourable nature, at least — let me be clearly understood), or my ideas of excellence differ *to cælo* from those entertained by one of the first critics of Cologne. Here follows the notice in question, together with a few observations of my own, which I have made so bold as to add thereto:—

"For some years, we have followed with great interest the artistic career of this eminent" (why "eminent"? "pianist, and have borne witness to the development of his musical genius" ("genius"! "which has been consolidated" (until it has become very dense, eh?) "from year to year, by the most serious study, and that, too, in so prodigious a manner" (Oh! Domine Sampson!) "that he now satisfies the highest expectations which can be formed of a first-class pianist. We have at length enjoyed the opportunity of hearing this excellent artist, whose reputation has long been made abroad" (Where? Not in London, at all events), "and of convincing ourselves that, in this case, it has been legitimately obtained." (In what case? The critic is obscure.)

"Born at Aix-la-Chapelle, and educated at Leipzig, the Conservatory of which city he left full of honours, Brassin has preserved, through all his peregrinations, the value of a truly German artist" (for the sake of truly German artists, I sincerely trust not), "in the widest acceptance of the word" (very wide, indeed — of the mark). "He proved this by his *ideal* conception and masterly interpretation of Schumann's Concerto; he proved it by all his own compositions, especially his *Etudes*, Op. 2" (which are simply a specimen of Liszt out-Liszed), "in which the passages introduced for the development of mechanical dexterity are ennobled by the profundity and purity of the musical thought on which they are based!!! Besides Schumann's Concerto, Brassin" (why not M. Brassin?) "played some *Rhapsodies*" (Rhapsodies with a vengeance!) "by Liszt, with fabulous" (of course) "virtuosity; the certainty and lightness which characterised the interpretation" (these same Rhapsodies certainly require interpretation) "of the most difficult passages, as well as the elegance and finish" (I should have preferred the "finish," I frankly own) "of the most delicate touches, excited the admiration of the audience as much as the fire and impetuosity with which he overcame the most inextricable complications plunged them in astonishment. In Brassin" (once more, why not "M. Brassin"? the omission of the "Monsieur" is allowable only in the case of indisputably great men, or of indisputably inferior ones. I do not think M. Brassin can be justly placed in either class) "we beheld Liszt once more in his palmiest days." (Will Dr. Liszt take this as a compliment, we wonder!) "What raises" (M.) "Brassin's playing above that of other pianists is that calm, that tranquillity, free from ought like charlatanism, which proclaims the master. His success was colossal."

So, I should say, must have been the good nature, or — well, no matter, of the audience — even when "Doctors disagree, who shall decide?" What do you say? What I say amounts to this: Either the Cologne critic or your humble servant must be — (leave a space for the expletive, as it is a strong one) wrong! I may add that, if you decide in my favour, which you must do, if you possess one spark of justice and discernment in your whole composition, for there is not the faintest doubt that I am right, you shall have another letter shortly. If you pronounce against me, I will never forward another line to your paper.

Yours, truly and expectantly,
WAHRHEIT.

"COMING TOWARDS HOME."

The dew is frozen white
On the beaten ground;
It is a wintry sight,
All the country round.
Though far I've come to-day,
Through many a weary throng,
Yet to myself I say —
"Take courage! be thou strong:
For thou art come to see
Thy childhood's home so dear,
And friends who wish for thee
To be ever near."

See now the stars away
Fade from out the sky;
It is the break of day,
Soon I shall be nigh.
Yes! there upon the hill
The homestead now I see;
List! all around is still:
They expect not me!
Before the rising sun,
The moon still on the wane,
Dear friends, I to ye come,
Ne'er to part again.

Carlisle, 1862.

WM. BROCK.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.

(From the Art-World.)*

This Society was founded in 1858 for the purpose of promoting the cultivation of the Fine Arts, not as taking the initiative in such movements, but as seconding and directing a tendency already conspicuously manifested amongst all classes of the community. A very essential distinguishing feature in the scheme of the promoters of the Society was, that going back to first principles, and to the source from which all the Fine Arts derive their essential conditions, namely, the essence of the beautiful, it was resolved to treat all those Arts as a family, and to promote intimate and friendly relations between them and between their professors in common. But more important still,—the public, who for some years past have learned to appreciate and cultivate Art in its various forms and modes of presentation,—Design, Poetry, Music, &c., were invited to take part in the Association, and have responded to it with alacrity, and in daily increasing numbers; and the consequence is the organisation of an institution combining numerous intellectual pursuits and interests, to a certain extent between themselves distinct in purpose, yet of cognate origin, in one compact confederacy. Of course, at starting, there were many difficulties to overcome, and then some most friendly disposed to the project had misgivings as to its supposed realisation. All doubts upon this score, however, owing to the indefatigable exertions and prudent conduct of the Council, may now be said to be at an end, and the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts may be considered to be firmly established, with a career of usefulness and interest before it which will entitle it to take distinguished rank amongst the scientific and learned institutions of the country. The Society, on its inauguration, had the advantage of appearing under the presidency of the Earl of Carlisle, than whom a more zealous and judicious promoter of intellectual progress does not exist; and upon his Lordship's removal to the seat of Government in Ireland, his place was taken by that distinguished patron of art, the Earl of Ellesmere, the Earl of Carlisle retaining his connection with the Society as one of its vice-presidents. The other vice-presidents are the Earl of Dudley, Lord Feversham, his Excellency the Marquis d'Azeglio, Viscount Ranelagh, the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, the Lord Mayor (Cubitt), and W. Tite, Esq., M.P. and president of the Royal Institute of British Architects. The Council includes the names of active workers in every branch of the Fine Arts.

The scheme of operations of the Society, as propounded in the prospectus first issued, was a pretty extensive one; it being, however, at the time avowed that it was only in contemplation to realise it in its several parts gradually, and from time to time, as circumstances would permit. In the first season the transactions of the Society were limited to the holding of conversaziones; and it is a noticeable fact that such was the sympathy already awakened for it amongst the members of the exhibiting Art Societies, that many of them, the Society of British Artists, the Institution of Fine Arts, the Architectural Association, the proprietor of the French Gallery, and others, freely lent their galleries during the exhibition season for the purposes of these conversaziones; in addition to which, in subsequent seasons, the noble president has thrown open the magnificent Bridgewater Gallery, and the Lord Mayor, as vice-president, the Egyptian Hall at the Mansion House, for similar reunions, which have all been most numerous attended. On these occasions a paper on some branch of Art has been read, which has been followed by a concert, vocal and instrumental, in which—co-operating in the general expression of recognition and goodwill—professional artists of eminence have, in the handsomest manner, given their services gratuitously. When we mention amongst these the names of Mlle. Parepa, Mlle. Csillag, Mad. Enderssohn, Mad. A. Gilbert, Miss Palmer, Signor Gardoni, Herr Formes, Mr. Santley, M. Ole Bull, &c., and add that the musical arrangements have been conducted by Mr. Benedict and Mr. Alfred Gilbert, the reader may judge of the satisfactory character of the entertainments thus produced.

In the second year of the Society's existence the Council carried out another feature in its announced programme of operations—a course of lectures on all the various branches of the Fine Arts, Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Music, Poetry, &c., was organised for the Thursday meetings during the season's duration from November to July. This course, which at starting was but thinly attended, now attracts a full meeting of members and their friends, the interest of the evening being enhanced by the discussion which follows on the conclusion of the

lecture. In the third year of the Society's existence another and more difficult matter was carried into effect, namely, the giving of prizes in the several departments of Art for works exhibited or published during the current season. In preparing to enter upon the delicate task imposed on them, the Committee of Selection agreed to a resolution to the effect "that in the award of prizes it was not necessarily intended by them to assume to determine the best works of the season in the various branches of Art, the Committee having the power, with a view of encouraging young and rising talent, to recommend the award of prizes for works of great merit, irrespective of their relative merit compared with others," a judicious reservation, and more especially applicable in the case of young and promising talent, which might thus be justly and appropriately encouraged by an honourable testimonial, which the man of established fame might probably not be disposed to consider with equal appreciation.

On Wednesday evening the first conversazione of the season took place in the rooms of the Winter Exhibition, 120 Pall Mall, kindly lent for the purpose by Mr. Wallis; when the walls, covered with a choice of works of native Art, and brilliantly lighted up with gas, presented a most agreeable and striking *coup d'œil*. This re-union, which was a most numerous one, the apartments on the basement and first-floor being crowded almost to the point of inconvenience, was attended by circumstances of peculiar interest, the prize medals awarded during the last session being appointed to be delivered on this occasion. The chair having been taken by Mr. W. C. Dutton, Mr. H. Outley, the Hon. Secretary, read the brief report of the Prize Committee, sanctioned and confirmed by the Council, of which the substance was as follows:—"The Committee of Selection and the Council have the satisfaction to believe that the awards made by the Society last year (1860) have met with general approval from those best qualified to offer an opinion on the subject. They are happy also in knowing that the prize medals have been accepted by their recipients in the spirit in which they were given, as tributes from an independent Art-loving Society, in recognition of distinguished rising talent." The prize medals awarded this year were as follows:—

In *Historical Painting*, to Mr. Marcus Stone, for his "Claudio and Hero," in the Royal Academy. In *Landscape*, to Mr. McCallum, for his "Spring—Burnham Wood."—Royal Academy. In *Genre*, to Mr. Calderon, "La Demande en Mariage."—Royal Academy. In *Water Colours* (Two Prizes), to Mr. S. Read, for his "Interior of St. Augustin's, at Antwerp," Old Water Colour Society; and to Mr. E. G. Warren, for his "Rest in the cool and shady Wood."—New Water Colour Society. In *Sculpture*, to Mr. G. Halse, for "The Tarpeian Rock." Sculpture in bronze.—Royal Academy. In *Architecture*, to Mr. A. W. Blomfield, for his design for "Mission House, in Bedfordbury, Westminster," in the Architectural Exhibition.

There had been no awards in Poetry, Engraving, or Music. In respect to the musical prize, "difficulties had presented themselves at the outset in defining the principle upon which it should be awarded; but the Council hoped that these difficulties might be overcome, and some definite course of action agreed upon in the matter in the course of the present session." The Council had also to announce "that several distinguished members of the musical profession, who had kindly lent their valuable services at the conversaziones, had been elected honorary members of the Society, and that silver medals, in testimony thereof, would be presented to them, viz., Mlle. Parepa, Signor Gardoni, Herr Formes, Mr. Santley, and M. Ole Bull. The Society would also have the pleasure of presenting a medal to Mr. S. Rosenthal, with a suitable inscription, as a slight acknowledgment of his great kindness, and the eminent talent displayed in the preparation of the design for the same." (Cheers.) A performance of music, conducted by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, followed and wound up a most agreeable evening. Amongst the artists who gave their services on this occasion, were Miss Emma Boden, Miss Bellingham, Mad. Fürst, Herr Reichardt, Mr. Lawler, Mr. Edward Southwell; Mad. de Vaucheron (pianoforte), Herr Wilhelm Ganz (ditto), and M. Ole Bull (violin).

BREMEN. — Herr C. Rheinthal's recently completed Symphony (in D major) was played, a short time since, at a private concert. Considering the interest existing in musical circles here as to this first essay in symphonic writing by the composer of *Die Tochter Jephtha's*, we may shortly state that the work was well received throughout. All the movements — *Allegro*, D major; *Andante*, G minor; *Scherzo* (with trio), D minor; and *Finale*, D major, were warmly applauded, especially the *Andante* and the concluding movement. — *Die Weser Zeitung*.

* *The Art-World and International Exhibition* (edited by Mr. Henry Outley), a new weekly journal of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Ornamental Art, Manufactures, Engraving, Photography, Poetry, Music and the Drama, the first number of which appeared on Saturday last with prospects of brilliant and permanent success.

Letters to the Editor.

'THE MUSICAL CHURCH SERVICE.

SIR,—The animadversions set forth in a letter signed "Musicius," which appeared in your last week's impression, are so pertinent, that I cannot forbear offering my experience as to the truth of such censures.

For the last seven years (having but very lately succeeded, I am sorry to say, with disgust) I have given my constant and gratuitous assistance in a church once celebrated for its choral service. At the time I entered, the organist was a gentleman well known for his musical abilities and exquisite taste. The devotional manner in which the service was then performed elicited the admiration of the whole congregation. An equal number of singers only were permitted, the tone being judiciously balanced. One alto, tenor and bass for *Cantaris*, and the same for *Decani*, were then considered quite powerful enough for a small church less than a quarter the size of Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, where two of each part on either side only are employed. The amateurs (only three) who were admitted, were deemed efficient by examination, and were enabled to sing their respective parts independent of professional assistance, the funds of the church allowing but three paid professional gentlemen.

This organist, having received a higher appointment, was succeeded by another, who endeavoured, and with the same success, to carry out that refinement of performance which had hitherto distinguished the service. This gentleman is now organist of one of the cathedrals.

Up to this period the "tavern element," so justly complained of by "Musicius," had not permeated the choir. Would that I could say as much under its present management! The principle really now seems "the more noise the more music;" and it is no uncommon occurrence to see, for you can scarcely call it *hearing*, one *alto* straining himself to sing against five tenors and five basses (two of the latter powerful professionals), most of them amateurs, admitted into the choir *without the least examination*, and even ignorant, *some of them*, of the key they are singing in. The efforts, indeed, of the professional gentlemen are greatly impeded in consequence.

With such inequality of tone, and so much ineffectiveness, I only ask the simple question—is it to be wondered at that the service should be performed other than in a blundering manner? and can a choir-master pretend to anything like taste, who, Sunday after Sunday, permits the beautiful service of the church to be rendered in a manner thus coarse and unintelligible?

DECANI.

SIR,—In your publication of Saturday last, I noticed your review of a work by George Hogarth, entitled "The Philharmonic Society of London, from 1813 to the present Time." Could you favour me with the price of the work? Can you inform me who is likely to sing the soprano songs in those works of Handel which are to be performed at the Crystal Palace next summer? Is there any probability of Clara Novello's singing them again?

MUSICUS.

Trowbridge, Wilts, March 11, 1862.

[The price of Mr. Hogarth's work may be learned at the publishers—Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, London. The other two questions we are unable to answer.—ED.]

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

SIR,—I cannot refrain from sending you an account (which I have just received) of a fortunate and narrow escape from fire, which my sister, Miss Louisa Van Noorden has lately experienced. It will be a caution to young artists not to approach too near the foot-lights. I will give you her own words:—

"I have to inform you I sang last night again at the Campanello; and just as I had gone half through my 'aria,' I heard a murmuring sound in the theatre, as though my performance was not admired; but I took no notice of it for the moment, until all at once I felt my chin a little hot, and on looking at myself I found my dress had caught fire. I immediately gathered my dress from the back, and smothered the flames with my own hands. Had I not have been cool, and attempted to have left the stage, the draught would have immediately fanned the flames beyond my power of subduing. The audience gave me such a round of applause, so I finished my song, and all passed off well—although it will be a caution for me never to approach too near the

footlights. My sister (Miss Van Noorden), who was in a stage-box, had nearly run on the stage with a shawl in her hands ready to envelope me.

"Florence, March 7th, 1862."

P. E. VAN NOORDEN.

COLOGNE.—The eighth Gesellschafts Concert, under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Sheller, took place on the 25th ult., when the following was the programme:—

PART I. 1. Symphony in D major, Haydn; 2. Elegischer Oesang, for chorus and stringed quartet, Beethoven; 3. Violin Concerto, in the Hungarian manner, composed and played by Herr J. Joachim.—PART II. 4. Cantata, J. S. Bach, "Gottes Zeit ist die allerliebste Zeit;" 5. Adagio, for violin, Spohr; "Abendlied," Schumann, arranged for violin and orchestra, by J. Joachim; 6. Overture to *Der Freischütz*, von Weber.

Haydn's Symphony proved that the society's orchestra is as much at home in the performance of this master's symphonies as the Kammermusik-Verein is in that of his quartets. The *andante* and the whole of the conclusion were vigorously applauded. We have already noticed at length, in No. 26 of this Journal, for June 1860, Joachim's Hungarian Concerto, as far as regards its composition and performance. To what we then said we must now add that the length of the Finale struck us still more on the present occasion than at the musical festival in Dusseldorf. The audience admired and applauded more especially the masterly execution, as the concerto most certainly, from beginning to end, affords the performer an opportunity of displaying his virtuosity, and his totally different styles, in the most brilliant and unmitigable manner; but the deeper purport of the first movement and of the Romance escapes, more or less, at first, the grasp of the hearer's mind. The performance of Spohr's *Adagio* was received with repeated rounds of applause, as was also the "Abendlied," which Joachim had arranged, from a pianoforte piece for four hands by Schumann, for solo-violin and orchestra, a form to which it is well adapted. The performance of Bach's Cantata may be said to have been, on the whole, a good one, though very much was wanting to render it perfectly satisfactory. Whether the audience were or were not capable of appreciating the profundity of thought and the wonderfully beautiful form of this eminently serious vocal composition, is a fact which it would be difficult to decide from their demeanour. It cannot, at any rate, be denied that a Cantata by Bach, with its old pious and grave text, with its severe forms and deeply moving sacred strains, is not well placed in the midst of the productions of modern romanticism, and cannot produce such an impression as, for instance, the *Passionsmusik*, which keeps us in the same frame of mind for an entire evening. If Bach's compositions are performed, as it is highly desirable they should be, they must fill up at least one part of the concert, the first part being preferable. If, in the second part, there is a symphony, it would be more suitable than solo or vocal pieces by modern composers.

WANDERING MINSTRELS.—Under this title there has existed for some time past a society comprising among its members nearly all the most talented and accomplished amateur musicians belonging to the higher ranks of society. These are all highly trained and efficient performers, and are under the leadership of their President, the Honourable Seymour Egerton. The society, with that practical benevolence which distinguishes the English character, have most laudably desired to make their exertions subservient to the cause of charity. They had first resolved to apply the proceeds of a concert to the Hartley Colliery Fund, but sufficient money having been subscribed for that purpose, as intimated to them by the committee at Newcastle, they selected the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, at Brompton, as a charity well entitled to public sympathy and support. A list of ladies patronesses comprising the leading members of the nobility, attests the approval of the objects for which the "Minstrels" have proffered their services. The concert took place on Tuesday, at St. James's Hall; and it is confidently anticipated by the committee of the hospital, as well as by the committee of management of the concert, that a very large sum will have been realised.—(See another column.)

ST. JAMES'S HALL,
Regent Street and Piccadilly.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SEVENTY-NINTH CONCERT, on MONDAY
EVENING, March 17th, 1862, Third Appearance of
HERR JOACHIM.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in E flat, Op. 44, No. 3, for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello, MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, H. WEBB and PIATTI (Mendelssohn). Song, "I dream of thee," Miss MARTIN (Andenken) (Beethoven). Song, "Star of the Valley," Mr. WEISS (Henry Smart). Sonata, "Plus ultra," for Pianoforte solo (dedicated to Woelfl's "Ne Plus Ultra"), Miss ARABELLA GODDARD (Dussek).

PART. II.—Quartet, in A minor, Op. 130, for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello, MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, H. WEBB and PIATTI (Beethoven). Song, "Suleika," Miss MARTIN (Mendelssohn). Song, "The Wanderer" (by desire), Mr. WEISS (Schubert). Sonata, in A major, for Pianoforte and Violin (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), Miss ARABELLA GODDARD and Herr JOACHIM (Mozart).

Conductor, Mr. BENEDICT. To commence at eight o'clock precisely.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption.

* * Between the last vocal piece and the Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin, an interval of Five Minutes will be allowed. The Concert will finish before half-past ten o'clock.

N.B. The Programme of every Concert will henceforward include a detailed analysis, with illustrations in musical type, of the Sonata for Pianoforte alone, at the end of Part I.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mr. AUSTIN, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; CHAPPELL & Co., 50 New Bond Street, and of the principal Musicsellers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AMATEUR.—"The Monday Popular Concerts are models of instrumental performances. Can we not have something equally satisfactory in the vocal way?" Enquire of Mr. S. Arthur Chappell.

X. All right.

MR. S.—Y B—s.—*Qui sait?*

MR. SHIRLEY B—s.—Yes, *Long pause* (not "paws").—Page 3, line 2, bar 5:—



No pause in bar 7—same line:—



Here TEMPO GIUSTO. Opening *Maestoso*—"GRAND." Third variation playful. *Oui.*

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of THE MUSICAL WORLD is established at the Magazine of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

Terms {	Two lines and under	2s. 6d.
	Every additional 10 words	6d.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1862.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE will open on the 26th of April, under the management of Mr. J. H. Mapleson. The noble proprietor has been in some respects induced to submit the direction of the theatre to that gentleman in consequence, it is said, of the complete and efficient manner in which operas had been produced at the Lyceum last year under his administration. Of course we may look upon the more material consideration of money as satisfactorily settled. Arrangements have been made up to the present moment with Mlle. Titiens, Signors Giuglini, Vialletti, Graziani, Ciampi, M. Gassier, Mlle. Kellog, Mlle. Trebelli, &c. The names of the first six artists speak for themselves. Mlle. Kellog comes from America,—of her antecedents we know nothing. We are told she is extremely handsome, talented and nineteen. She is reported to be a singer of the Patti class. If she can only approximate in talent and accomplishments to that popular and delightful artist, the subscribers and the public will have no reason to be dissatisfied. Mlle. Trebelli has a high continental reputation as a contralto singer. It has been whispered to us—so delicately indeed that we are scarcely authorised in giving it breath—that Mr. Sims Reeves has been offered an engagement, with the view of his appearing in *Oberon* with Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini, our great tenor, as a matter of course, taking the part of Sir Huon. This would be a cast indeed in the three principal parts that could not fail to double the attraction achieved by Weber's grand work, when brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre two years since, with full splendour and completeness, under Mr. E. T. Smith's management. If Mr. Mapleson can secure the services of Mr. Sims Reeves, we may without hesitation predict the greatest success of the season for *Oberon*. What other movements are projected, what other singers are engaged, to make the *troupe* complete, we shall know in due time.

Most undoubtedly that which will afford the greatest satisfaction to the Opera-loving public in the new constitution of affairs at Her Majesty's Theatre, is the fact, that the orchestra will be first-rate in every department, as will at once be admitted, when known that it will include nearly all the members of the band of the Philharmonic Society. Could a more emphatic guarantee for the spirit and energy of the direction be given? Signor Arditi and Mr. Benedict, we are informed, are to be joint conductors. But why two conductors? The system of alternating the direction of the orchestra between two gentlemen is only advisable—if indeed then—when performances are given every night, which, of course, we cannot suppose will be the case at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Benedict and Signor Arditi are both thoroughly experienced wielders of the bâton; but assuredly either is preferable to both, for many ostensible reasons. Let us trust that this part of our information is not correct, and that Mr. Mapleson will take a hint from the doubtful results which followed the engagement of two musical directors in 1860.

Mr. Frederick Gye has announced the opening of the Royal Italian Opera for Tuesday, April 8th. The prospectus will be issued on Monday, the 24th instant. This is all the public are as yet permitted to know. There is much anxiety afloat as to who is destined to fill Mad. Grisi's place. Perhaps the director may be induced to dispense for awhile with

the grand tragic repertory; and indeed we have a notion that the Opera could survive a year or two without any exhibition of *Norma*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, the *Favorita*, the *Trovatore*, or one or two other works, which for too long a period have exercised so powerful a monopoly. We would willingly put up with the withdrawal for a space of these lyric tragedies for the revival of some of Rossini's operas, and see no reason, with Mlle. Patti in the theatre, why the *Conte Ory* and *Matilda di Shabran* should not be reproduced, to say nothing of the *Donna del Lago* with Signors Mario and Tamberlik, and the *Nozze di Figaro* and *Così Fan tutti*, cast, as they might be at the Royal Italian Opera, to perfection. But patience is better than speculation, and we shall therefore think nothing more and urge nothing more until Monday week, when the intentions of the management will be laid before us, and will enable us to discourse freely about the prospects of the approaching season.

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To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—An unknown Violin-quartet, by Franz Schubert, was performed at the third "Quartet-Circle" of Herr Hellmesberger and his colleagues, at Vienna. The quartet was given, many years ago, into the hands of Herr Hellmesberger, by Herr Spina, in whose possession it is. How the former could possibly keep it locked up in his desk till now is difficult to understand. It can scarcely be supposed that he never troubled his head about it; yet, had it been played only once by him and his associates, no one could have entertained the slightest doubt as to its worth, though some doubts must really have existed, its public performance having been delayed thus long. This, it is true, presupposes a strange taste in matters of art, particularly when we remember so many novelties, which have thus practically been preferred to Schubert's MS., a work so charming, melodious, and in every movement so animated, while, at the same time, conceived with such musical strictness, nay, even with such unusual brevity, that connoisseurs (and the public no less) were agreeably surprised. The unburied quartet does not by any means belong to those deeper productions, which manifest the genius of Schubert in so unusual and marked a manner; but it would have been cruel to lose it. In luxuriance of imagination it is far superior to many better known works of this inexhaustible master. It was received enthusiastically, and will, in all likelihood, soon be given to the world in a becoming form.

Die Deutsche Musik-Zeitung expresses itself on the subject thus:—

"A hitherto unknown and unpublished stringed quartet in B flat, by Schubert, was performed, and immediately achieved the most decided success. What especially delighted us was the *adagio* in G minor, as also the highly original and animated finale. The *scherzo*, too, which, however, formed part of some other work, and has been substituted for the original minuet, which, as we have been told, was rather too much in the *Ländler* style, is a highly effective piece, and had to be repeated."

As this quartet is to be engraved, you may hope to hear it at the Monday Popular Concerts.

Vienna, March 10th.

A. A.

THE Committee of the Grand Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine, which will take place in Whitsun week, at Cologne, have selected for performance the following works:—

On the first day: Handel's oratorio of *Solomon*, according to the original score, and with the organ accompaniment

written by Mendelssohn,* for the performance in 1835, which was also held in Cologne.

On the second day: Overture and Scenes from Gluck's *Iphigenie in Aulis*; "Sanctus" and "Hosanna," from John Sebastian Bach's Mass in B minor; Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Chorus.

On the third day: Symphony, by Haydn; "Hymne an die Nacht," for solos, chorus and orchestra, by Ferdinand Hiller; Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas*.—Several vocal pieces.

The solo parts will be sustained by Mad. Louise Dustmann-Meyer, from Vienna (soprano); Mlle. Francisca Schreck, from Bonn (contralto); Herr Schnorr von Karolsfeld, from Dresden (tenor); and Herr Becker from Darmstadt (bass).

Director of the Festival Performances, Herr Ferdinand Hiller. Leaders of the orchestra, Herr J. Grunwald, and O von Königslöw.

* — *

MENDELSSOHN AND HIS ELIJAH.

[The following correspondence, which led to the first performances of *Elijah* by the Sacred Harmonic Society, in 1847, will be read with interest. It is now for the first time published, by the kind permission of Mr. Brewer, Honorary Secretary.]

(No. 1.)

"Exeter Hall, London, 24th Sept., 1846.

"DEAR SIR,—THE production of your new Oratorio at the recent Musical Festival at Birmingham was an event which, in common with the multitudes in this country who derive pleasure from the study and practice of your works, was felt by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society to be an occasion of peculiar interest and importance; and, rejoicing as they do to find that the work has earned the highest praise in all quarters, they take the liberty to offer you the expression of their sincere congratulations on the marked success which has accompanied this fresh product of your genius.

"The very general attention which has been drawn to the production of the work and to its great merits, has induced an equally general desire to have it performed in London at as early an opportunity as practicable, in order that the inhabitants of the metropolis may taste of the delights which have been afforded to the good people of Birmingham. The Sacred Harmonic Society (who, as you are aware, accustom themselves chiefly to the performance of works of the same class as *Elijah*) are anxious to have the honour and gratification, which some years ago they had in the case of the oratorio *St. Paul*, of undertaking it first performance before a London audience. With this view, the committee of the society have desired me respectfully to enquire whether you will permit the society to undertake the first performance of *Elijah* in this country after the alterations, which they are informed you contemplate making in the work, shall be completed.

"In the event of your kindly acceding to this request, the committee would be glad if they could be informed whether there is any probability of your being in London during the next season, so that, if possible, they might have the advantage of producing the work under your personal superintendence?

"And in order to secure the opportunity of previously acquiring a due knowledge of the work, the committee are further anxious to ascertain whether you would have any

* See Mendelssohn's Letters from Rome.

objection to such portions of the oratorio as you do not intend to revise, being rehearsed by the society in the meantime?

"Trusting that you will excuse the intrusion of these inquiries upon your notice, and hoping to be favoured with your reply at as early an opportunity as convenient,

"I remain, dear Sir, with much respect and esteem, your very faithful and obedient servant,

"T. BREWER, *Hon. Sec.*

"Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy,
Leipsic."

(No. 2.)

"DEAR SIR,—I BEG to express my best thanks for the letter dated Sept. 24th, and it gives me much pleasure that the Sacred Harmonic Society will undertake the first performance of my *Elijah* before a London audience. I beg to thank the committee most sincerely for their flattering intention, and of course should be most happy to conduct the work myself on such an occasion, if I can come to London in April next; I hope and trust I may have that pleasure, and that nothing may prevent me from doing so. But I am still doubtful, and cannot give a positive promise as far as regards my coming over; and as for the parts which you wish to have as soon as possible, I shall speak to the editor of them, Mr. Buxton, who I hear is expected shortly in Leipsic, and will ask him to let you have them as soon as they can be ready. With many thanks to yourself and the society, believe me, dear Sir,

Your very obedient servant,
FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

Leipsic, the 7th Oct. 1846.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—Mr. Harrison's benefit is announced to take place this evening, when Mr. Balfé's opera, *The Rose of Castille*, will be performed, with Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison in their popular parts of Manuel and Elvira, and other entertainments. Mr. Frederick Clay's new operetta, *Court and Cottage*, which was announced to succeed the opera, has been withdrawn at the last moment, owing to some difficulties connected with the gentleman to whom was assigned the principal part, and from whom, our readers we think will agree with us, some sort of explanation is due to the patrons of the theatre.

HERR MOLIQUÉ'S "ABRAHAM."—This great work will be shortly performed at one of the Concerts of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, under the direction of its eminent composer.

MR. HENRY LINCOLN delivered the first of his two lectures on the operatic overture on Thursday night at the Marylebone institution. A report of it is in type, and will appear next week.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The first concert of the 50th (the "Jubilee") season took place on Monday evening, in the Hanover Square Rooms. The attendance was crowded and brilliant. The symphony (only one on this occasion) was Beethoven's *Eroica*. The overtures were Weber's *Jubilee*, Schumann's *Genoveva*, and Cherubini's *Faniska*. Herr Joachim played Viotti's concerto in A minor, and a *sarabande* and *bourrée* (with "doubles") of J. S. Bach. Mlle. Guerabella and Miss Lascelles were the singers. Professor Sterndale Bennett conducted. The band was admirable. Full particulars in our next.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The first concert of this young and already illustrious society was held on Wednesday evening in St. James's Hall, which was thronged to the door. The symphony was Mendelssohn's in A major (the "Italian"); the concerto (violin) Herr Joachim's in D minor, "in the Hungarian manner," the composer himself being also the performer. The overtures were Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*, Beethoven's *Leonora* (No. 1), and Berlioz's *Carnaval Romain*. Mad. Sainton-Dolby and Mlle. Guerabella were the singers. Mr. Alfred Mellon conducted. The concert was altogether magnificent, as we shall next week endeavour to show in detail.

MAD. SCHUMANN has accepted the invitation to give concerts in Paris, and has already set out for that city. Erard's house have undertaken the arrangements. Every place is already taken for four concerts.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—Miss Arabella Goddard, Mad. Florence Lancia, Mad. Laura Baxter, and Mr. Swift, will take part in the first subscription concerts of the Vocal Association, St. James's Hall, on Wednesday next, March 19th. Mr. Aptommas and Miss Arabella Goddard will perform a duet for pianoforte and harp on themes from *Linda di Chamouni*, and Mr. Jno. Thomas and Mr. Aptommas a duet on two harps. The choir of 200 voices will introduce some new and important features in the concert, the whole being, as usual, under the direction of Mr. Benedict.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—So invariable is the excellence of these entertainments, that the critic's office is well nigh a sinecure, and his duty confined to little else than a weekly record of success following success. But the same enterprise which originated the series, and boldly struck out a new path in music (as far as the general public was concerned) has not been content to rest upon its oars, satisfied with having elevated the taste, and improved the judgment of what is now one of the most discriminating and appreciative audiences in England, perhaps in Europe; fresh attractions are added, and no sooner does one artist of eminence terminate his engagement, than another supplies his place, the interest being further maintained by the introduction at each concert of one, if not two, pieces hitherto unheard. The programme of Monday comprised Beethoven's quartet in F minor (No. 11); Weber's sonata in D minor (first time), Boccherini's in A (violinello); repeated by general desire, and Beethoven's in G. (op. 96), for piano and violin. Herr Joachim led the quartet, in which he had the co-operation of Messrs. Ries, Webb and Piatti, and we need hardly say it was played to perfection. Its thorough enjoyment, however, was considerably marred by the late arrivals of a few who forget that the essentially English virtue—punctuality—is rigidly enforced at the Monday Populars, and as the concerts always finish before half-past ten, they have no excuse for their tardiness. If the D minor sonata of Weber is the least generally known to amateurs, it is unlikely to remain so long. The *andante* and the *rondo finale* drew forth the loudest plaudits, and Mr. Charles Hallé was enthusiastically recalled at the end,—a well-earned tribute to his remarkably fine execution of a very difficult work. Signor Piatti created the same lively impression as before in Boccherini's quaint sonata. The last movement was unanimously enjoyed. The "climax," in a strict sense, however, was the last sonata for pianoforte and violin, which brought to a triumphant conclusion one of the best concerts of the year. There is a breadth and dignity, combined with the utmost intellectuality, tenderness and refinement, which emphatically stamp Herr Joachim a master, and the impression created by him and his admirable colleague, Mr. Hallé, was not to be readily forgotten. Miss Poole again sang Mr. J. W. Davison's setting of Keats's words, "In a drear-nighted December," and Mr. Wallace's new song, "The lady's wish," in her best manner; Mr. Tennant's chaste and artistic method being favourably manifested in Schubert's "Praise of tears," and Mendelssohn's "Garland." More than a passing word of recognition is due to Mr. Benedict for his masterly performance of the pianoforte part in the violinello sonata. At the next concert Dussek's *Plus Ultra* will be given by Miss Arabella Goddard, and Herr Joachim will play Mendelssohn's quartet in E flat (op. 44), Beethoven's in A minor (No. 15), and Mozart's Sonata in A major, with Miss Goddard.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—Herr Auguste Manns, the untiring conductor and director of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, is again in the field, upholding with his accustomed intelligence and spirit the cause of good music. Already three performances have been given, at which three grand symphonies and three dramatic overtures nobly represented the orchestra, while vocal and instrumental solos variously enriched the programmes. At the first the symphony was Beethoven's *Pastoral*; the overture, Schumann's *Brides of Messina*; at the second the symphony was Mendelssohn's in A minor (the *Scotch Symphony*); the overture, Cherubini's to the opera of *Les Abencerrages*; at the third the symphony was Méhul's in G minor; the overture, Rossini's to *Le Siège de Corinthe*. The instrumental "soloist" at the first concert was M. Sainton, "le roi des violons de France," as he has been justly styled; at the second, a young, talented, and highly promising pianist—Miss Fanny H. well (daughter of our oldest and most eminent professor of the double-bass). At the first concert the vocal music was intrusted to Mad. Sainton-Dolby—whose name would alone have sufficed to give *éclat* to the programme—and a somewhat timid though clever beginner, Miss Emma Charlier; at the second to the ac-

complished Mlle. Guerabella, and the less experienced though improving Mlle. Georgi.

The splendid weather on the day of the last concert—a "May day" in the brightest sense, enhanced the attractions of the programme, solid and various as they undoubtedly were, and made the now comfortable and commodious music room of the Crystal Palace seem the most agreeable resort imaginable. The acoustic conditions of this ingeniously contrived structure are at present unexceptionable; and only by those nearest to the public entrance, which, when the attendance is unusually large, as was the case on the present instance, is either partially choked up or presents an almost unintermittent stream of in-goers and out-goers, is any sort of inconvenience experienced. Elsewhere every note, whether from singer or from player, can be plainly and favourably distinguished. The orchestra, which has never ceased to make progress since Herr Manns undertook the direction, is now, for its numerical strength, equal to almost any body of instrumental executants that could be cited. Its performances are alike vigorous and delicate—model-performances, to do them justice, in their way. With the spirit of research for which Herr Manns is famous, he had, for the occasion under notice, taken down from the shelves of his well-stored library a symphony probably unknown except to some half-dozen "music bookworms" in Great Britain; but not the less on that account a work of singular interest and merit. Of all the composers of whom France can boast the most earnest, industrious, and ambitious was Méhul, for whom Napoleon I. might have done so much, and did so little. Méhul's domain, it is true, was the opera, nevertheless, the French Gluck had aspirations of which the German Gluck was innocent. He longed to be a Mozart in the concert-room, just as he was a Gluck on the stage, and thus he composed symphonies for the orchestra and instrumental works of almost every kind. Of the six symphonies which he has left, his own compatriots know little or nothing. The one in G minor (conventionally pronounced the best, because the other five have never been essayed) is now and then heard at the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig, rarely, if, indeed, ever, at those of the Conservatoire in Paris. Herr Manns, however,—a cosmopolite in art, though German by birth and education,—is alive to the deserts of that which takes root under other climes. He has "revived" Méhul's symphony in G minor as he has "revived" many other undeservedly forgotten pieces; and it is to be hoped that, emboldened by the real interest with which it was listened to, he may be induced, not only to repeat this particular work, but to try another, sooner or later, from the same pen.

The pianoforte solo—Weber's brilliant and superb *Concert-stück*, always admired by musicians, and, when rendered in the proper spirit by a skilful performer, just as acceptable to the public at large—was received with the accustomed favour, the pianist, Miss Arabella Goddard (who stands high in the good graces of the Crystal Palace audience), being recalled at the conclusion. The performance of Miss Goddard was magnificent throughout, and accompaniments were given to perfection by the band. Miss Goddard's second piece—Thalberg's *fantasia* on the Serenade and Minuet from *Don Giovanni*—was equally successful, and in deference to the unanimous wish of the audience, the young and gifted pianist returned to the orchestra and played another *fantasia* ("Home, sweet Home") by the same popular writer. The vocal music comprised "Vedrai carino," and an air from Mr. Alfred Melon's *Victorine*—in the first of which a young and seemingly nervous debutante (Mad. Gordon) produced a favourable impression, the last being at present beyond her means. Mr. Suchet Champion also sang a graceful romance by Herr Blumenthal, and the charming ballad from Mr. Macfarren's *Robin Hood*, "My own my guiding star"—both with applause. The dashing overture to Rossini's first "grand" French opera—the maturer version of his *Maometto Secondo*—wound up the concert (which afforded universal satisfaction) with brilliant effect.

At the concert to-day, Herr Joachim is to play Mendelssohn's concerto, and the first symphony (in C minor) of the same composer will be given.

THE WANDERING MINSTRELS.—The concert in aid of the Brompton Hospital took place, and more than came up to what had been anticipated. The audience, one of the most brilliant ever assembled in St. James's Hall, was also one of the most indulgent—liberal of applause where the effort to please was manifest, and ultra-liberal where, as more than once occurred, earnest endeavour was rewarded by success. In short, the performances were enjoyed from first to last, and in frequent instances appreciated with such downright heartiness as must have greatly flattered the amateur singers and players who were induced to make a public exhibition of their talents on behalf of a very useful and commendable charity. When this concert was originally projected it was intended that the proceeds should be handed over to the fund for the relief of the families of those who suf-

fered in the Hartley Colliery—which may account for a conspicuous feature in the programme, viz.—an ode upon that lamentable calamity, written by Mr. Shirley Brooks, and set to music by the Hon. Seymour Egerton. The poem is one of great literary power, full of bright fancy, and remarkable for the flow no less than the finish of its numbers; worthy, in short, of its distinguished author, who has more true poetry in him than the world has yet acknowledged. The music is divided into five parts, respectively fitted to each change of rhythm adopted by the poet,—a recitative, accompanied (Mr. Underdown); a part song for five voices (chorus); a recitative for tenor (Herr Kümpel); a ballad for tenor; and a final chorus. The striking numbers are the five-part song ("When the laurel wreath is woven"), and—notwithstanding the close resemblance of one particular passage to a prominent theme in Weber's overture, *The Ruler of the Spirits*—the final chorus. The execution was, for the most part, highly creditable; and the audience not only encoored the part-song, but unanimously recalled the composer at the termination of his work. The ode was preceded by Beethoven's overture to *Egmont*; the first tenor air and a chorus ("Yet doth the Lord see it not") from *Elijah* (solo singer Herr Kümpel); and the *Barcarole* from Professor Sterndale Bennett's fourth pianoforte concerto—a beautiful composition, as all amateurs are aware, and played to perfection, as all amateurs will believe, when it is stated that Mad. Angelina Goetz was the player. The second part of the concert began with the overture to *Guillaume Tell* (encored) and ended with the overture to *Oberon*—both orchestral masterpieces offering difficulties to players of long professional experience, and therefore doubly trying to amateurs, with whom the practice of music is an occasional means of relaxation. The *Guillaume Tell* overture, moreover, was immediately followed by the elaborate introduction to that magnificent opera, for chorus and solo voices (solos by Mr. Tom Hohler, Dr. Lavies, Mr. Frank Skey, and Mr. Underdown—two tenors and two basses), which together with the *adagio* from Mendelssohn's Symphony in A minor ("Scotch"), also introduced in the second part of the programme, gave further proofs that in some instances ambition slightly outweighed discretion. Horsley's glee "By Celia's arbour;" Mr. J. L. Halton's arrangement of "My love is like the red red rose," as a part-song for chorus (extremely well given); a cleverly-written solo for cornet-a-pistons (with accompaniments for the orchestra), the composition of Mr. Frederick Clay, performed by Mr. A. B. Mitford; and two vocal solos—an *aria* from Donizetti's *Dom Sebastiano* and Gordigiani's "Un Ricordo"—both sung with remarkable taste, the first (encored) by Mr. Tom Hohler, the last (and, though not encoored, the best) by a gentleman whose name we could not learn,* completed the programme. The orchestra, consisting of upwards of seventy performers (thirty from the ranks of the "Wandering Minstrels") was conducted, with the nerve and decision of an old practitioner, by the Hon. Seymour Egerton. The chorus numbered something short of 200, and in each department—soprano, alto, tenor, and bass—voices of rare strength and freshness were detected. Singers and players were exclusively amateurs.

DRAMATIC, EQUESTRIAN AND MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—The Anniversary festival of this association was held at Willis's Rooms. At the first blush it might appear strange that an occasion to the rest of the world bearing somewhat of a solemn and penitential character should be selected; but a moment's reflection will show that ordinary rules do not apply to the theatrical profession. In this respect resembling the gravest of callings, they are busiest when mankind at large is making holiday, and it is a fact entitled to be set against the accusations charged upon the votaries of the stage, that of their limited vacation they are willing to devote one night to the sacred cause of charity. Had the celebration taken place one evening earlier, it would have fallen on the concluding night of the Carnival, with the mysterious rites of which the Germans, under the name of *Faschings*, associate the origin of their dramatic literature. Be the merits of the question what they may, one fact is beyond dispute, that the members of the profession mustered strongly in support of an association which seeks to provide a sick fund for the relief of dramatic, equestrian, and musical performers. Conventional usage being laid aside, ladies were invited to join in the proceedings, and Mrs. Stirling and Miss Amy Sedgwick occupied seats to the right and left of the chairman, Sir Charles Taylor. The following members of the *corps dramatique* were likewise among those present:—Miss Fanny Stirling, Miss Rosina Wright, Miss Charlotte Saunders, Miss Sarah Booth, Miss Clara Fisher, Mr. B. Webster, Mr. P. Bedford and Mrs. Bedford, Mr. and Mrs. Toole, Mr. and Mrs. Swanborough, Miss Bufton, &c. An excellent dinner was provided, at

* Mr. Underdown.

the conclusion of which, grace having been said and the usual loyal toasts given, the chairman, in proposing the toast of the evening, said that of all the charities to be found in this wonderful city of London there was none in which the money was applied more directly to the object in view than that which he had the honour to advocate. It was especially deserving of support, because those who were relieved, instead of becoming completely broken up, were often enabled by its means to work on prosperously to the end of their days. During the five years over which the accounts extended, it had relieved 2,575 days of sickness, it had met 155 cases of distress, and had paid for 256 journeys to places where employment had been provided for necessitous applicants. Its beneficial operation extended to all, whether it were the gentleman who played Hamlet or Macbeth, the humbler performer who went on with a banner at 1s. a night, or the carpenter who sustained an injury from a "vampire trap." For a payment of 12s. 6d. a year, or 3d. a week, a sum of 5s. weekly was insured in case of sickness, or 10l. to cover funeral expenses. Through the kind generosity of patrons they were enabled to give 5s. where a benefit society could, at the most, prudently and properly offer 2s. Mr. B. Webster, whose name had been coupled with the toast, in responding, assured the company that he felt an interest in the welfare of the association deeper than many persons could possibly imagine. He had known the want of a bit of bread; he had wandered by the seashore, glad to get the smallest fragment the waters might cast up; he had suffered and worked on industriously and honourably in a career which had at length led him up to his present position. Mr. Webster warmly eulogized the association, and concluded by proposing "The Health of the Secretary, Mr. Anson." In the course of his remarks Mr. Anson stated, that owing to the prevalence of sickness, the cases relieved during the last six months were almost as numerous as in the whole of any previous year. Assistance had been afforded in 31 cases, and 72 journeys had been paid for. Mr. Webster proposed the chairman's health, who gave in return that of Mr. Roberts, coupling his name with the toast of "The Fine Arts." Mr. Thomas Taylor then introduced a toast which he said was always welcome, but was that night attended with peculiar interest — "The Ladies." Mrs. Stirling, on behalf of her professional sisters, thanked the Dramatic Association for the change in the order of their dining, and in a short speech, delivered with feeling and great ease of manner, touched on the evils from which the association was calculated to rescue poor actresses. The company shortly afterwards adjourned to the ball-room, where the festivities were prolonged to an advanced hour. Under the leadership of Mr. Genge, several well-known musical artists contributed to the success of the festival; and Mr. Toole, as usual, volunteered his services as toast-master. Upwards of 170l. was collected in the course of the evening.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—On Thursday night Mr. Charles Kean took his benefit, and played the character of Othello. Much curiosity was excited on the occasion, for thirteen years have elapsed since he last sustained the part in London, and to a large portion of the present generation of playgoers his interpretation was completely a novelty. His Othello also derives a sort of historical interest from the circumstance that it is based in a great measure on his father's conception, and therefore preserves a tradition which would otherwise be entirely lost for every one under the age of forty. We reserve for another opportunity a detailed notice of his peculiarities, and now simply record that Mr. Kean played with all the determination of an artist who has resolved to produce an extraordinary effect; that in the third act he astonished his audience by his vigour and his pathos; and that, altogether, he conveyed an impression that the greatness of another period was revived with singular freshness. After the fall of the curtain he was twice called, with an enthusiasm that could not be mistaken.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A charming little domestic drama, pointed with a very wholesome moral, has been written by Mr. Westland Marston, and produced at the Haymarket, with the title of *The Wife's Portrait*. Though it is in two acts and involves several changes of scene, it may fairly be ranked among those slight pieces in which the stage becomes an animated cabinet picture; but the sentiments it embodies are so true, the dialogue is so nicely written, and the characters, without being exaggerated, are sketched with so distinct an outline, that the mind of a poet and an artist is discernible throughout. David Lindsay (Mr. Howe), described in the bill as a "classical tutor and a man of letters," is one of those perverse gentlemen who insist on writing epics that no bookseller will publish, and classical tragedies that no manager will produce. He consoles himself for the neglect with which he is treated by the trite reflection that the slights of contemporaries will be compensated by the plaudits of posterity; but his wife Clara (Mrs. Charles Young), who has been brought up in greater luxury than himself, and finds that their income scarcely suffices to cover the weekly bills, cannot

help repining at what she deems a waste of available talent. Under these circumstances, a mutual estrangement arises; the lady regarding the gentleman as a selfish being, who, to gratify his own vanity, neglects the interests which should be nearest to his heart; while the gentleman looks upon the lady as a prosaic creature, wholly unable to appreciate his sublime aspirations. Indeed, so completely does he act on this conviction that he scarcely deigns to communicate any of his plans to Clara, but generally confines his discourse to his sister, Miss Lindsay (Mrs. Wilkins), whose overflowing good nature alone prevents her, from becoming an object of jealousy. Even the thought of parting is entertained, when a letter arrives from Clara's wealthy relatives in Scotland, who offer to undertake the care of her little girl. The offer is gladly accepted, and David, who has the charge of taking the child to the north, sets off at once, still betraying the selfish ideality of his nature, by evincing the greatest anxiety about a worthless tragedy, while he will scarcely bid his wife a respectable good-bye. In the first act, though the wife is unquestionably in the right, her sound views are expressed with such repelling sulkiness that, in spite of one's better convictions, one is inclined to sympathize with the husband. But in the second act the intrinsically affectionate nature of Clara is fully exhibited. David's absence has awakened all her better feelings; she is anxious to make everything comfortable against his return, and happy in the anticipated pleasure of communicating to him the good news that a London manager will produce the tragedy, thanks to the cuts that have been made, and the "effects" that have been brought in by David's very practical friend Dexter (Mr. W. Farren). However, the proper hour of return passes away; no David is to be seen; the pleasures of anxiety are exchanged for its pains, which in turn give way to despair on the arrival of an evening paper with the telegraphic information that the vessel in which David was to perform part of his journey has been destroyed by collision with another of larger size, and that his name is not on the list of the saved. The tortures endured by Clara nearly turn her brain, but they do not last long. David not only comes home safe, but his heart has been softened by his visit to Scotland, where he has been reminded how Clara left her wealthy relatives to follow his uncertain fortunes, and whence he brings a portrait representing her in early youth. The loving couple, convinced that on both sides the heart is all right, have now only to rush into each other's arms and vow, he to be more reasonable, she to be less cross, for the future. In bringing this simple tale into dramatic shape, Mr. Marston has not confined the action to the place of Lindsay's residence in London, but, with a singular boldness, has introduced a scene showing him with his wife's relatives in Scotland, and when he departs we behold all their terrors as they witness, from their balcony, the collision of the two steamers. At the present day, when, under French influence, we almost lay it down as a principle that scenes should never change, save from absolute necessity, within the limits of a single act, this sudden leap from Scotland to London, in the second act of a short piece, seems at first sight strangely inartificial, especially as the moral idea could be completely carried out within the precincts of London lodgings. But the use for which Mr. Marston employs this singularity more than answers any technical objection that may be raised against it. By becoming almost spectators of the collision, without seeing the rescue of David, the audience share the harrowing anxieties of Clara to an extent which would not have been attained had the telegram been their only source of information. Nevertheless, we would advise the novice not to take for a precedent the violent expedient so skillfully employed by Mr. Marston. Though this is an age of railways, our dramatic locomotion is less rapid than in the days of Elizabeth. The character of Clara Lindsay is admirably played by Mrs. Charles Young, whose overwhelming agony in the second act comes into wondrous contrast with the chilly sulkiness of the first. It is a real, earnest abandonment to the violent emotion of the moment. David Lindsay is a less thankful personage. His sufferings are rather of the chronic than the acute kind, and Mr. Howe is not to be blamed if he cannot make a neglected genius the cause of a strong excitement. Most amusing, on the other hand, is Mr. Dexter, the practical literary man, who is everything that David is not, and, while he has not a tithe of his friend's genius, gains an ample income by accommodating himself to the taste of the times. At the same time, his head is so little turned by prosperity that he pays homage to the superior genius of his less practical friend, and is always ready to help him with his counsel, even at the risk of giving offence. We know not whether most to commend—the delicacy and the geniality with which this part is drawn by Mr. Marston, or the hearty spirit with which it is played by Mr. W. Farren. Mrs. Wilkins is good humour itself as Miss Lindsay, though towards the end she plunges but timidly into the abyss of grief. The "*mise en scène*" of this piece is in every respect complete, and the sudden change of scene to Scotland allows the introduction of a very beautiful view of the banks of the Clyde.

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Bertha had a happy heart,
Always careless, always free;
Cupid mis'd her with his dart,
As he hid behind the tree.
And she, laughing at his art,
Clapped her little hands with glee.
Bertha then was very young,
Always laughing, always gay—
Joyous were the songs she sung,
As she pluck'd the flowers of May—
Nor could ardent lover's tongue
Steal her little heart away.

Bertha, she is older now,
Always thoughtful, always sad—
Shades of sorrow on her brow,
That her girlhood never had.
Could a lover tell you how,
Love drove little Bertha mad?
Bertha laugheth now no more,
Always quiet, always wild;
All forgot her songs of yore,
That her rosy hours beguiled—
Is that Allan at the door?
Surely little Bertha smiled.

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 A mist lay over the brook;
 At the earliest beam of the golden sun
 The swallow her nest forsook.
 The snowy blooms of the hawthorn tree
 Lay thickly the ground adorning,
 The birds were singing in ev'ry bush
 At five o'clock in the morning.

And Bessie the milk-maid merrily sang,—
 For the meadows were fresh and fair,
 The breeze of the morning kiss'd her brow,
 And played with her nut-brown hair.
 But oft she turn'd and look'd around,
 As if the silence scorning;
 'Twas time for the mower to wet his scythe
 At five o'clock in the morning.

And over the meadows the mowers came,
 And merry their voices rang.
 And one among them wended his way
 To where the milk-maid sang.
 And as he linger'd by her side,—
 Despite her comrade's warning,—
 The old, old story was told again
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[COMPOSED BY

J. BENEDICT.

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	s.	d.
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DUET—The moon has rais'd the lamp above. (Hardress and Danny Mann) - - - - -	2	6
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SONG—It is a charming girl I love. (Myles). In B flat and in A - - - - -	2	6
SONG—In my wild mountain valley. (Eily). In D minor and in C minor - - - - -	2	6
SONG, with CHORUS, <i>ad lib.</i> —The Cruiskeen Lawn - - - - -	2	6

ACT II.

CHORUS—The Hunting Chorus - - - - -	3	6
AIR and DUET—The eye of love is keen. (Ann Chute and Hardress) - - - - -	4	0
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BALLAD—I'm alone. (Eily). In E flat and in C - - - - -	2	6
DUET—I give the best advice. (Eily and Myles) - - - - -	4	0

ACT III.

SONG—The Lullaby. (Myles). In A and in F - - - - -	2	6
TRIO—Blessings on that rev'rend head. (Eily, Myles and Father Tom.) In D and in D flat - - - - -	3	0
DUET—Let the mystic orange flowers. (For two equal voices) - - - - -	2	6
BALLAD—Eily Mavourneen. (Hardress). In F and in D - - - - -	2	6
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" " "I'm alone" - - - - -	3	0
" " "It is a charming girl I love" - - - - -	3	0
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4. "Eily Mavourneen" - - - - -	1	0
5. "I'm alone" - - - - -	1	0
6. "The Colleen Bawn" - - - - -	1	0

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